



19 JUN 96

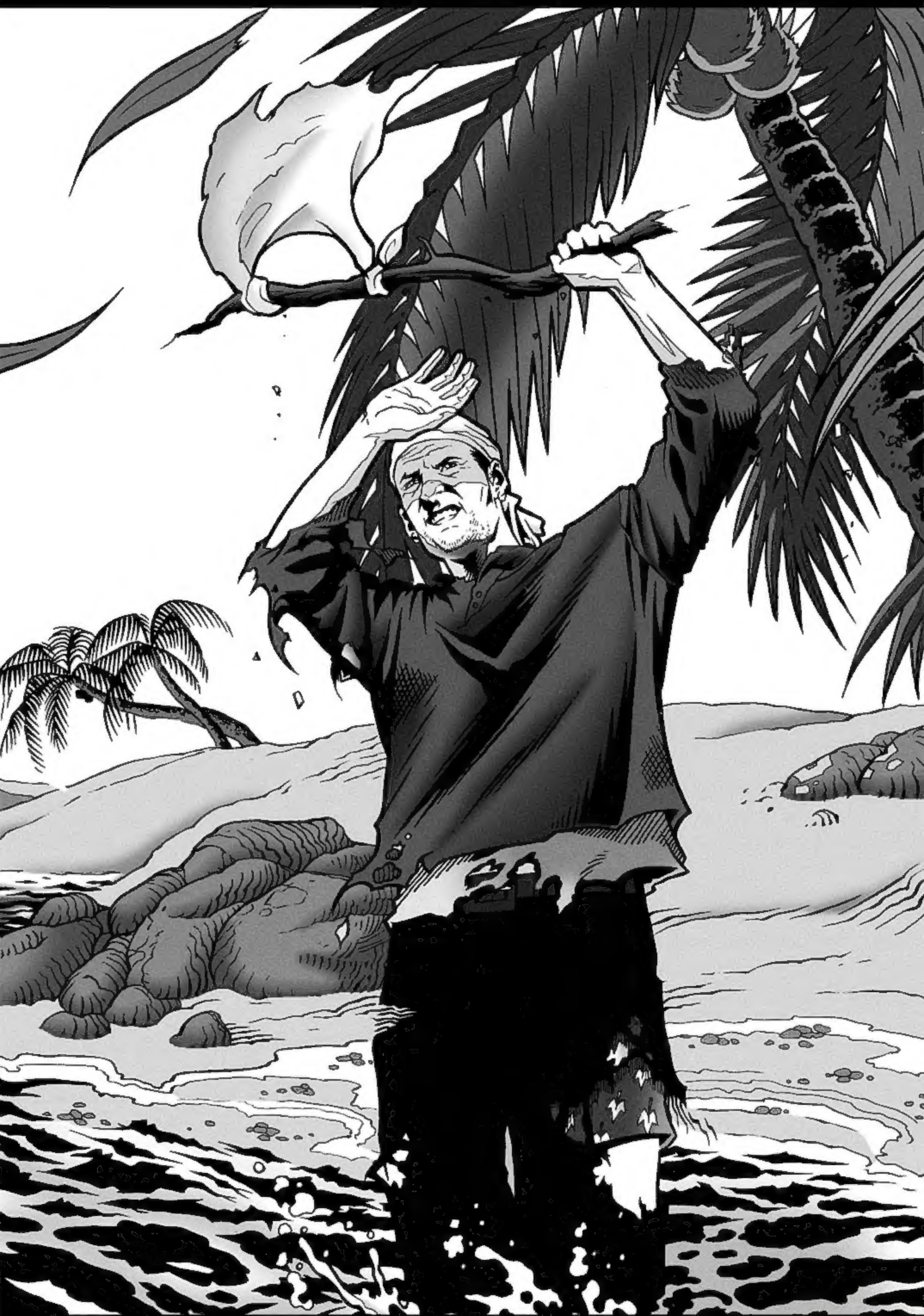
TALKING WITH DAVID '96

STARMAN

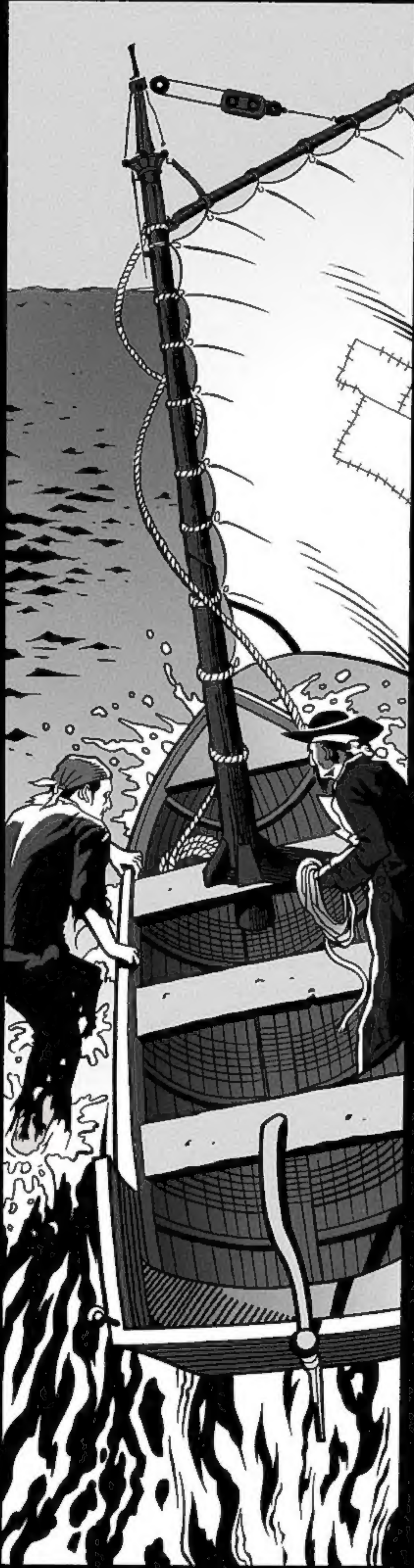


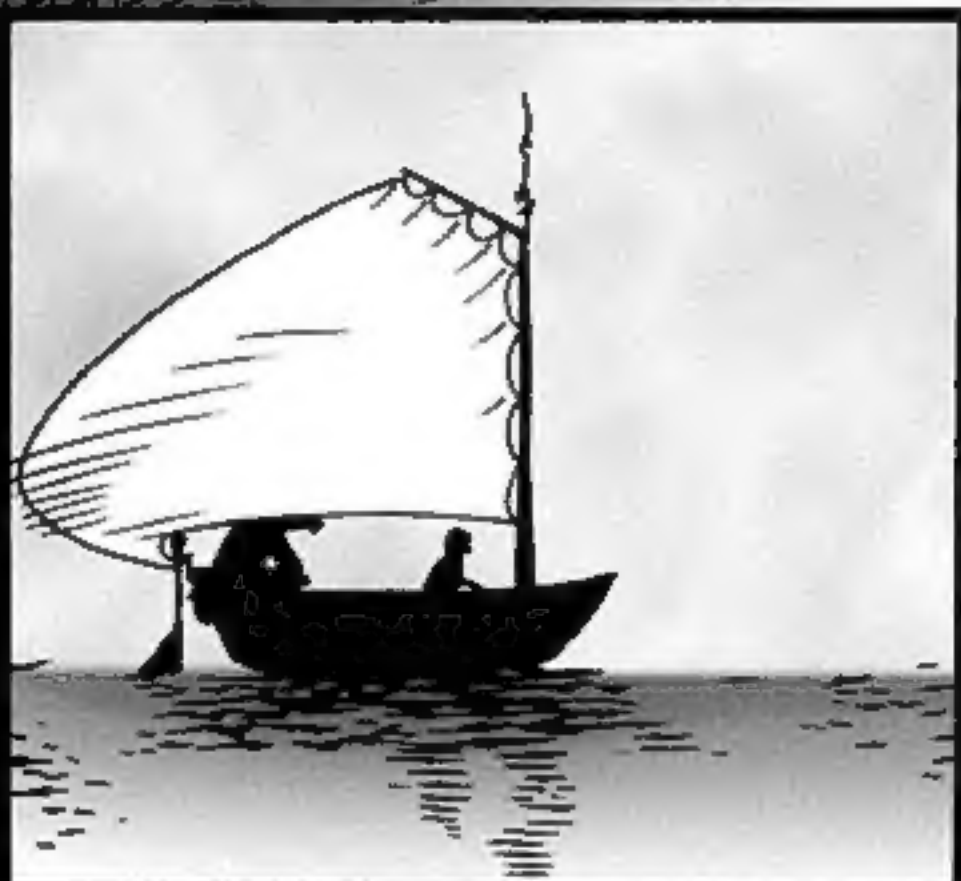
HARRIS '96

JAMES ROBINSON • TONY HARRIS • WADE VON CRAWBACGER



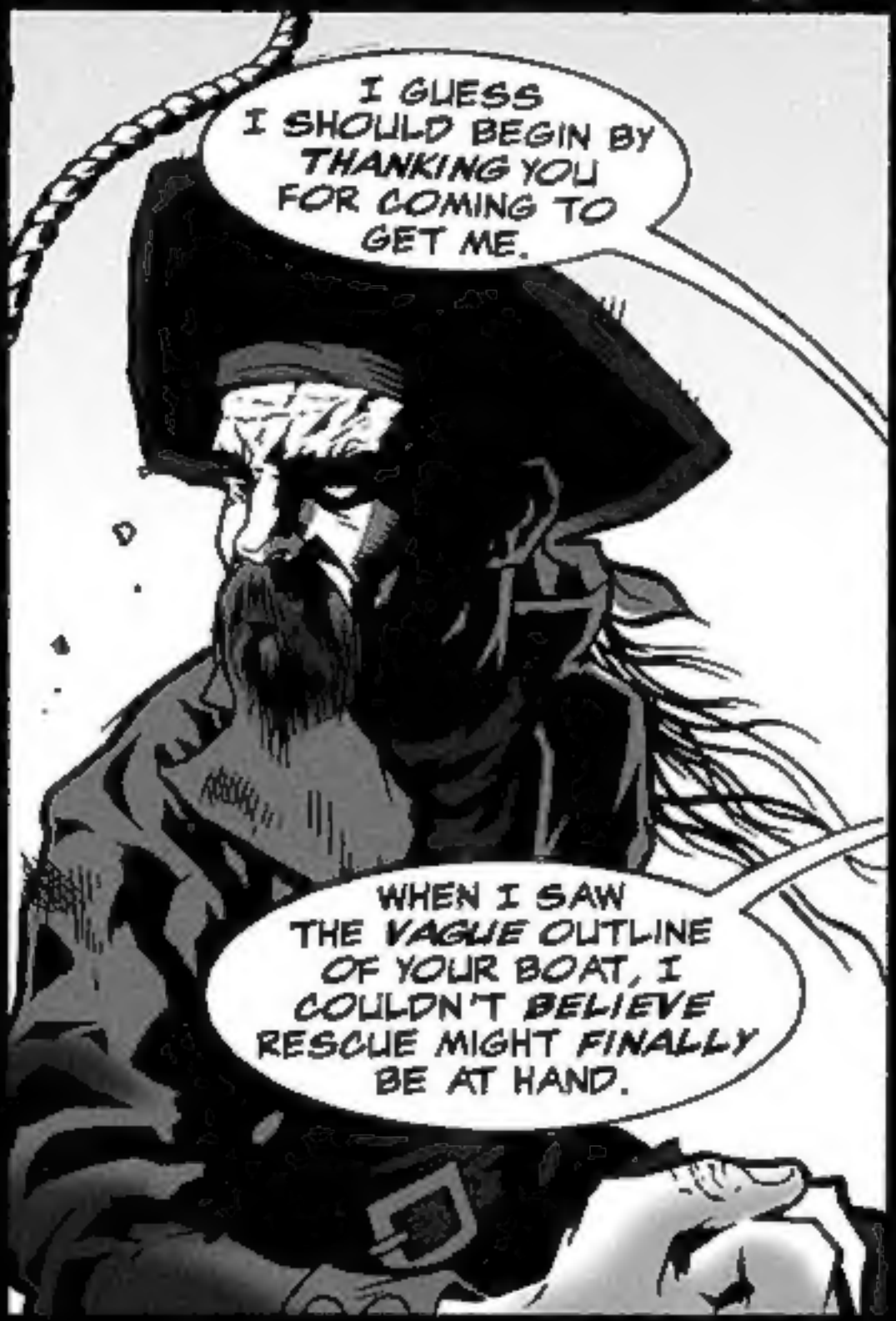






YOU
OBVIOUSLY
ENJOY THE
QUIET.

ME,
I'M A LITTLE
MORE OF A
CONVERSATION-
ALIST.



I GUESS
I SHOULD BEGIN BY
THANKING YOU
FOR COMING TO
GET ME.

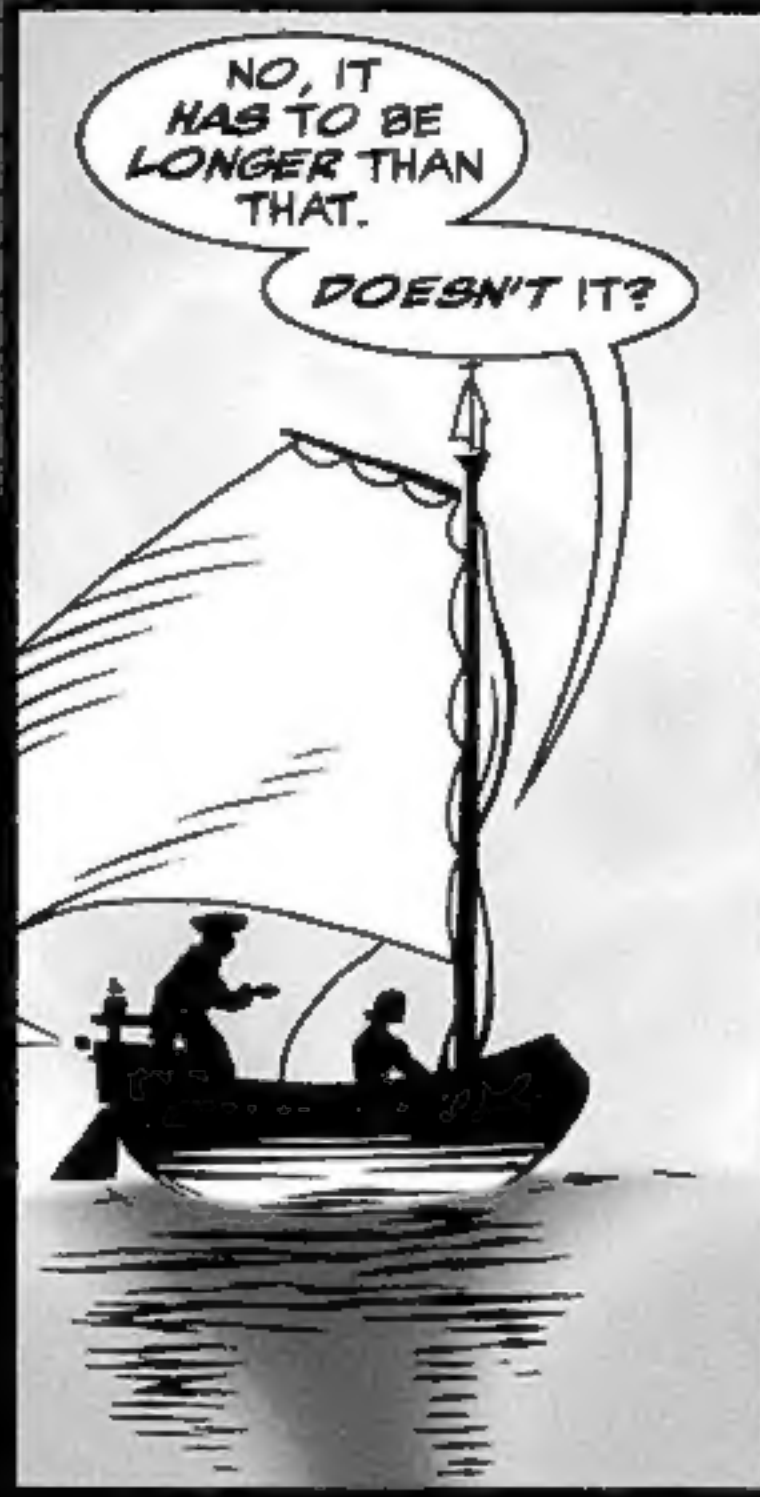
WHEN I SAW
THE VAGUE OUTLINE
OF YOUR BOAT, I
COULDN'T BELIEVE
RESCUE MIGHT FINALLY
BE AT HAND.



I'VE BEEN ON THAT
ISLAND FOR A GOOD
LONG WHILE.

AT LEAST I
THINK IT WAS A LONG
WHILE. SOMETIMES
I'M CERTAIN I'VE BEEN
STRANDED THERE
FOR A YEAR.

THOUGH TO TELL
YOU THE TRUTH, AT OTHER
TIMES IT SEEMED MORE
LIKE I'VE BEEN THERE FOR
A DAY OR AN HOUR--



NO, IT
HAS TO BE
LONGER THAN
THAT.

DOESN'T IT?



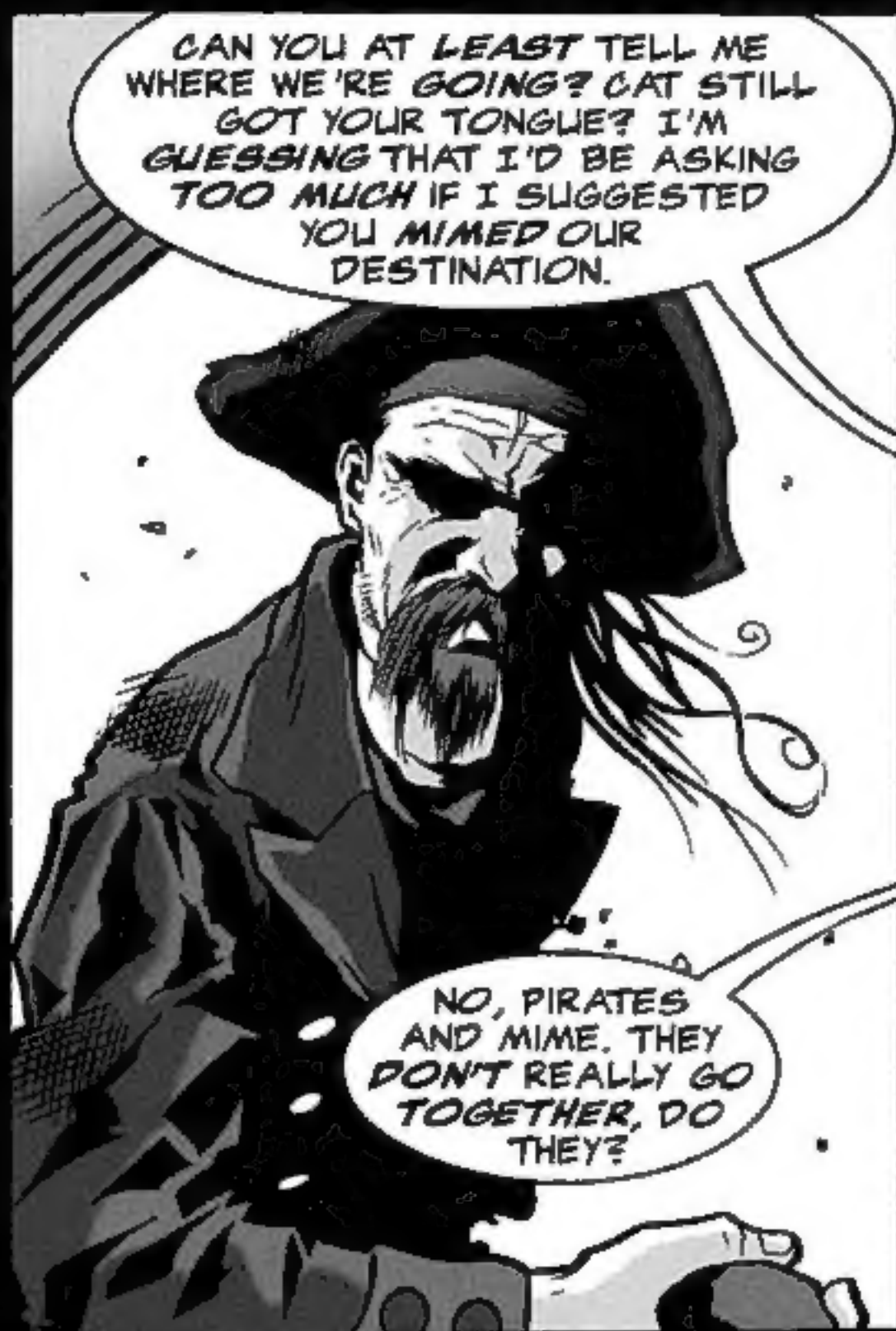
THIS MIGHT SEEM
LIKE A CRAZY THING TO
ASK, BUT YOU HAVEN'T SEEN A
BRIGHTLY COSTUMED
SUPER-HERO AROUND, HAVE
YOU? GREEN AND RED?
GLOWING HAND ROD? HE CAN
FLY WITH IT AND FIRE BOLTS
OF ENERGY. RING
ANY BELLS?



FEEL FREE TO JUMP RIGHT IN HERE ANY TIME YOU FEEL COMFORTABLE, FRIEND.

I JUST FIGURED BLACK AND WHITE WORLD...MY BROTHER DAVID MUST BE SOMEWHERE AROUND.

YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM, THOUGH?



CAN YOU AT LEAST TELL ME WHERE WE'RE GOING? CAT STILL GOT YOUR TONGUE? I'M GUESSING THAT I'D BE ASKING TOO MUCH IF I SUGGESTED YOU MIMED OUR DESTINATION.

NO, PIRATES AND MIME. THEY DON'T REALLY GO TOGETHER, DO THEY?



GOD, I WISH THIS FOG WOULD CLEAR. IT'S CREEPY NOT KNOWING WHAT'S AHEAD.



HATE TO TELL YOU, BUT THAT'S LIFE, BRO.

WHAT?



PSYCHE!

DAVID.



HAD YOU FOOLED.

DAVID. MAN. WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO ME? WHY THE DIS-GUISE?

BECAUSE.



ARE YOU STILL WITH THAT? "BECAUSE?" "BECAUSE?" IS THAT YOUR FAVORITE WORD NOW YOU'RE SNUFFED?

SNUFFED? I PREFER "MORTALLY CHALLENGED," IF YOU DON'T MIND.

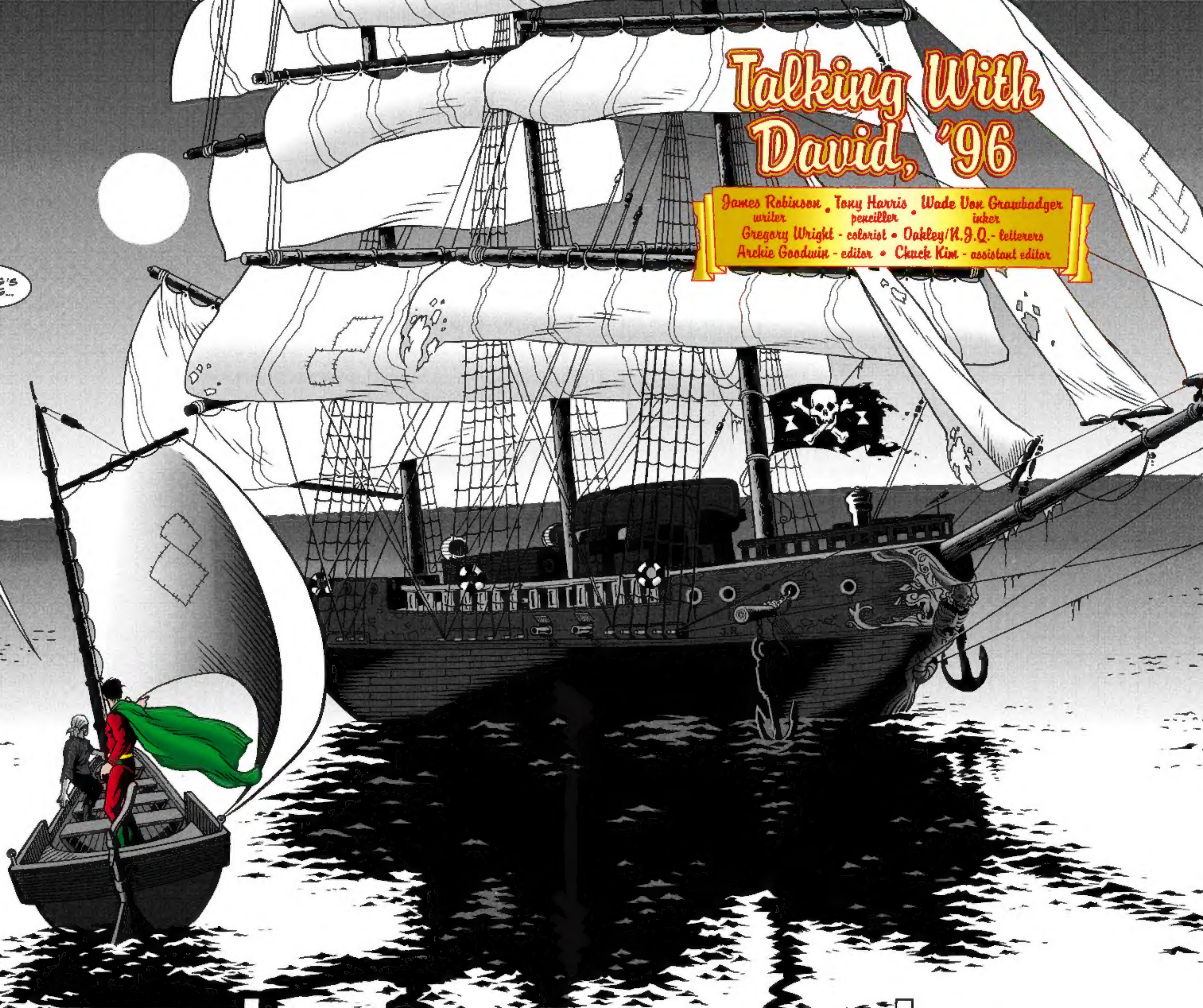
WHAT I MIND IS THE MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR YOU'RE TAKING ME ON. WHERE ARE WE GOING?

YOU'LL SEE, LOOK...

Talking With David, '96

James Robinson • Tony Harris • Wade Von Grawbadger
writer penciller inker
Gregory Wright • colorist • Oakley/H.J.Q. • letterers
Archie Goodwin • editor • Chuck Kim • assistant editor

...THE FOG'S
CLEARING...





I WAS EXPECTING YOU.

I FIGURED ANOTHER TRIP TO MONOCHROME MEANT YOU AND ME MEETING UP.

AND I KNEW YOU KNEW, WHICH IS WHY I DRESSED FOR THE PART EARLIER. DID I DO GOOD, OR WHAT? I WAS DOING THE STRASBERG THING...YOU KNOW, NOT JUST PLAYING A MUTE, OLD, BENT-UP PIRATE. I WAS A MUTE, OLD, BENT-UP PIRATE.

YEAH, I'M SURE MARLON AND MONTY WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD.



NOW, WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS? WHY THE BOAT? AND WHERE ARE WE THIS TIME?

WE'RE THE SAME PLACE WE WERE THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU.

WHICH IS?

I CAN'T SAY.

LIKE LAST TIME.



ONE DAY, JACKIE. BUT NOT YET. YOU GOTTA BEAR WITH ME ON THIS ONE.

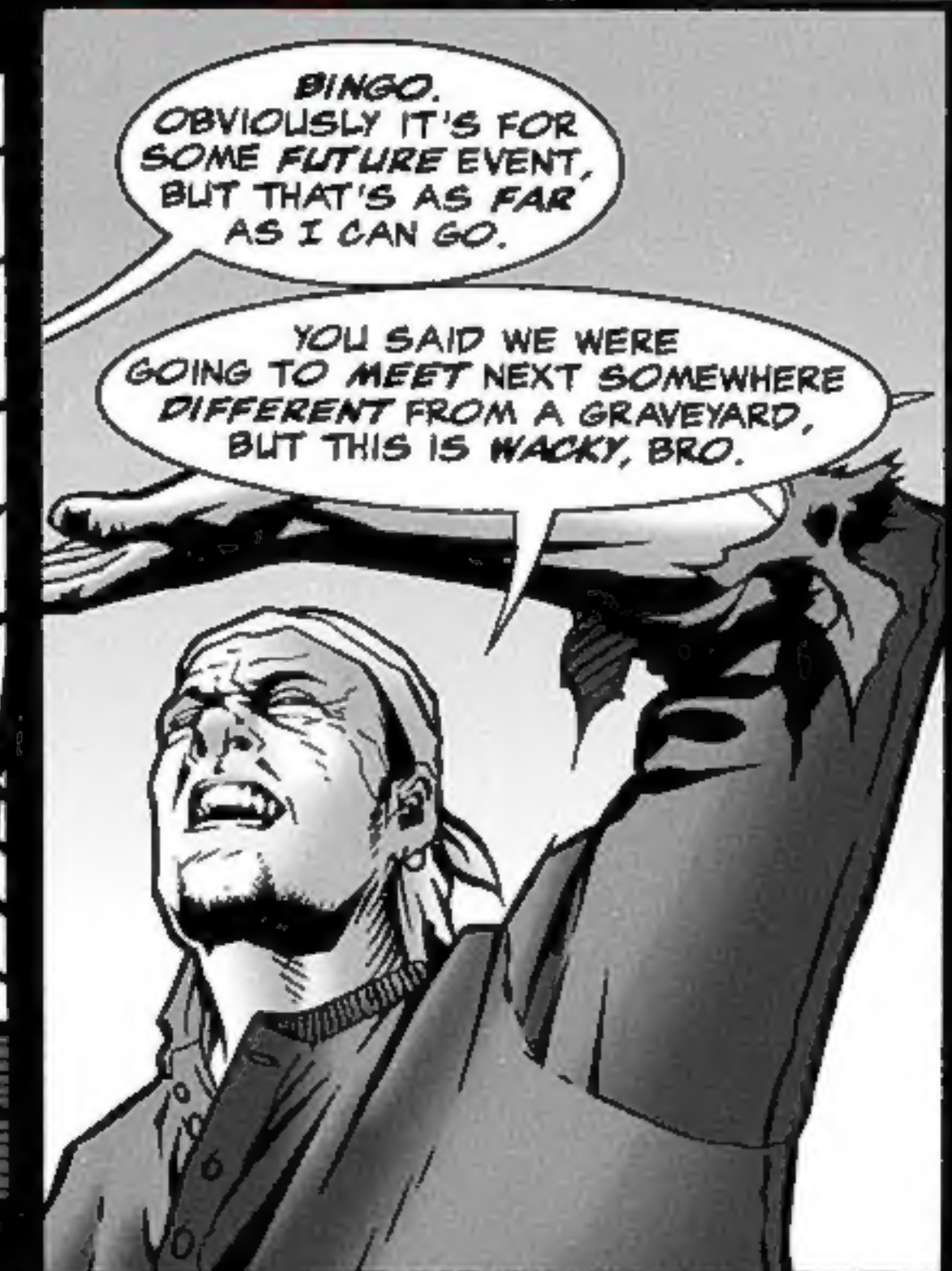
WHY THE BOAT, THOUGH? THAT I CAN SAY. IT'S TO GIVE YOU A GREATER UNDERSTANDING OF THIS LIFE.



WHY, OH WHY, WOULD I NEED A GREATER UNDERSTANDING OF BEING A PIRATE ON THE HIGH SEAS?

ERR--

YOU CAN'T SAY.



BINGO. OBVIOUSLY IT'S FOR SOME FUTURE EVENT, BUT THAT'S AS FAR AS I CAN GO.

YOU SAID WE WERE GOING TO MEET NEXT SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT FROM A GRAVEYARD, BUT THIS IS WACKY, BRO.



WACKY?
YEAH, I LIKE THE
FEELING OF BEING
WACKY.

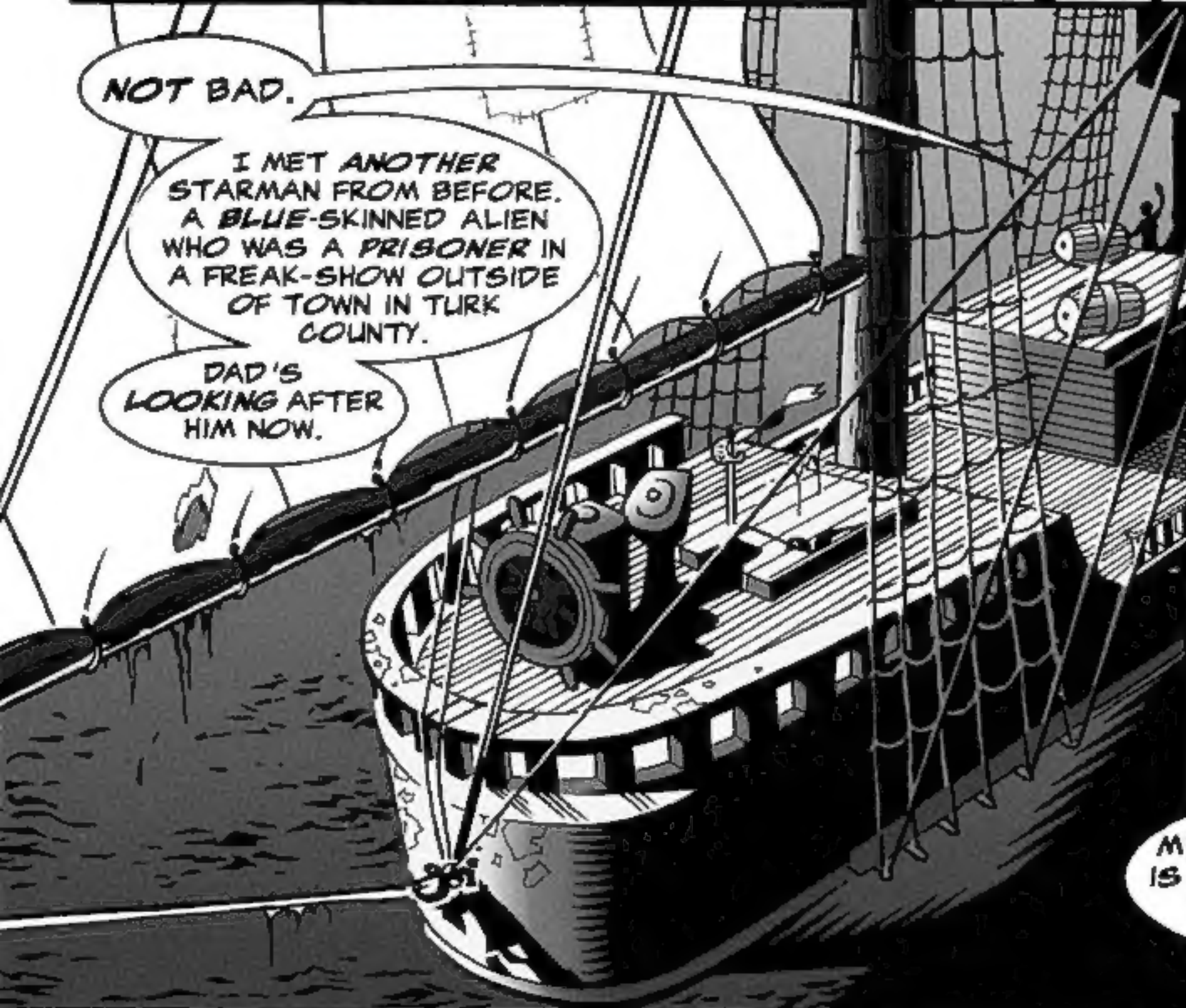
I
WAS
NEVER
LIKE THAT
ALIVE,
WAS I?

NO.



SO, WHAT'S
YOUR YEAR BEEN
LIKE? I'VE GOT AN
IDEA, BUT YOU TELL
ME ANYWAY. I WANT
TO HEAR IT FROM
YOUR MOUTH.

ERR--



NOT BAD.

I MET ANOTHER
STARMAN FROM BEFORE.
A BLUE-SKINNED ALIEN
WHO WAS A PRISONER IN
A FREAK-SHOW OUTSIDE
OF TOWN IN TURK
COUNTY.

DAD'S
LOOKING AFTER
HIM NOW.



DAD WENT
ALONG WITH
THAT?

I GUESS HE FIGURES IF
MY BRINGING HOME STRAY ALIENS
IS THE PRICE HE HAS TO PAY FOR
THERE BEING A STARMAN IN
OPAL THEN, SO BE IT.



OH YEAH, AND
SPEAKING OF STRAYS,
I ALSO BROUGHT
HOME SOLOMON
GRUNDY.

THE BIG, SWAMP
MONSTER GUY?
CHALK-WHITE SKIN?
THAT ONE?

YEAH. I GOT
CONNED INTO GOING INTO
THE SEWERS AND GETTING
HIM. WE FOUGHT. WE MADE
FRIENDS. NOW DAD'S
LOOKING AFTER HIM.



GRUNDY, GRUNDY.
WAIT A MINUTE, DIDN'T
GRUNDY KILL PEMBERTON...
STAR SPANGLED KID
PEMBERTON? SKYMAN
PEMBERTON?

DID HE? MAN. I DIDN'T
KNOW THAT. DID HE? YOU SURE?
DAD NEVER MENTIONED IT. BOY. I
SHOULD TALK TO DAD ABOUT
THAT WHEN I GET BACK,
I GUESS.



AND WHO CONNED YOU INTO GETTING GRUNDY?

JADE.

WHO?



ALAN SCOTT'S DAUGHTER.

OH, HER. I THINK I REMEMBER SEEING ARTICLES ON HER. SHE'S REALLY CUTE...



...FOR A GREEN CHICK!



AND THEN I FOUGHT THE MIST.

I THOUGHT HE WAS OUT OF IT. THAT HIS MIND HAD GONE.

NO, HIS DAUGHTER NASH IS THE NEW MIST.



HOW'D SHE DO? HOW'D YOU DO?

SHE HAD A SMALL ARMY WHO DID SO MANY ROBBERIES IN ONE DAY AND NIGHT, THAT SHE HAD TO HAVE MADE COIN ON THE OPERATION.

SHE GOT AWAY.

ME, SHE HAD RUNNING A GAUNTLET. ULTIMATELY IT WAS A DUMB GAME OF CAT AND MOUSE. I WAS THE MOUSE. SHE TOYED WITH ME AND THEN SHE SPLIT.



BUT DAD FOUGHT DR. PHOSPHORUS. HE BEAT HIM, TOO. I WAS REAL PROUD OF THAT. AND ALL HE GOT IN THE ENCOUNTER WAS A BURN ON THE ARM.



HOLD ON, JACKIE. I REMEMBER READING UP ON THAT CHARACTER. PHOSPHORUS. HE'S RADIO-ACTIVE. DAD SHOULDN'T EVEN'VE BEEN IN THE SAME ROOM WITH HIM. AND TAKING A BURN COULD BE DEADLY. WE AREN'T JUST TALKING FIRE HERE.



YEAH, DAD WAS REAL WORRIED ABOUT THAT, TOO. HE HAD TESTS. HE'S FINE, THOUGH. ISN'T THAT WEIRD? PHOS WAS TELLING DAD HOW SOME SUPER-BEING HAD MADE HIS POWERS STRONGER, BUT IT'S MORE LIKE HIS POWERS WERE MADE WEAKER INSTEAD.

I TELL YOU THIS. PHOS HAS A MAJOR HATE GOING FOR DAD NOW. IT'S NOT OVER BETWEEN THEM IF PHOSPHORUS EVER GETS OUT OF JAIL.



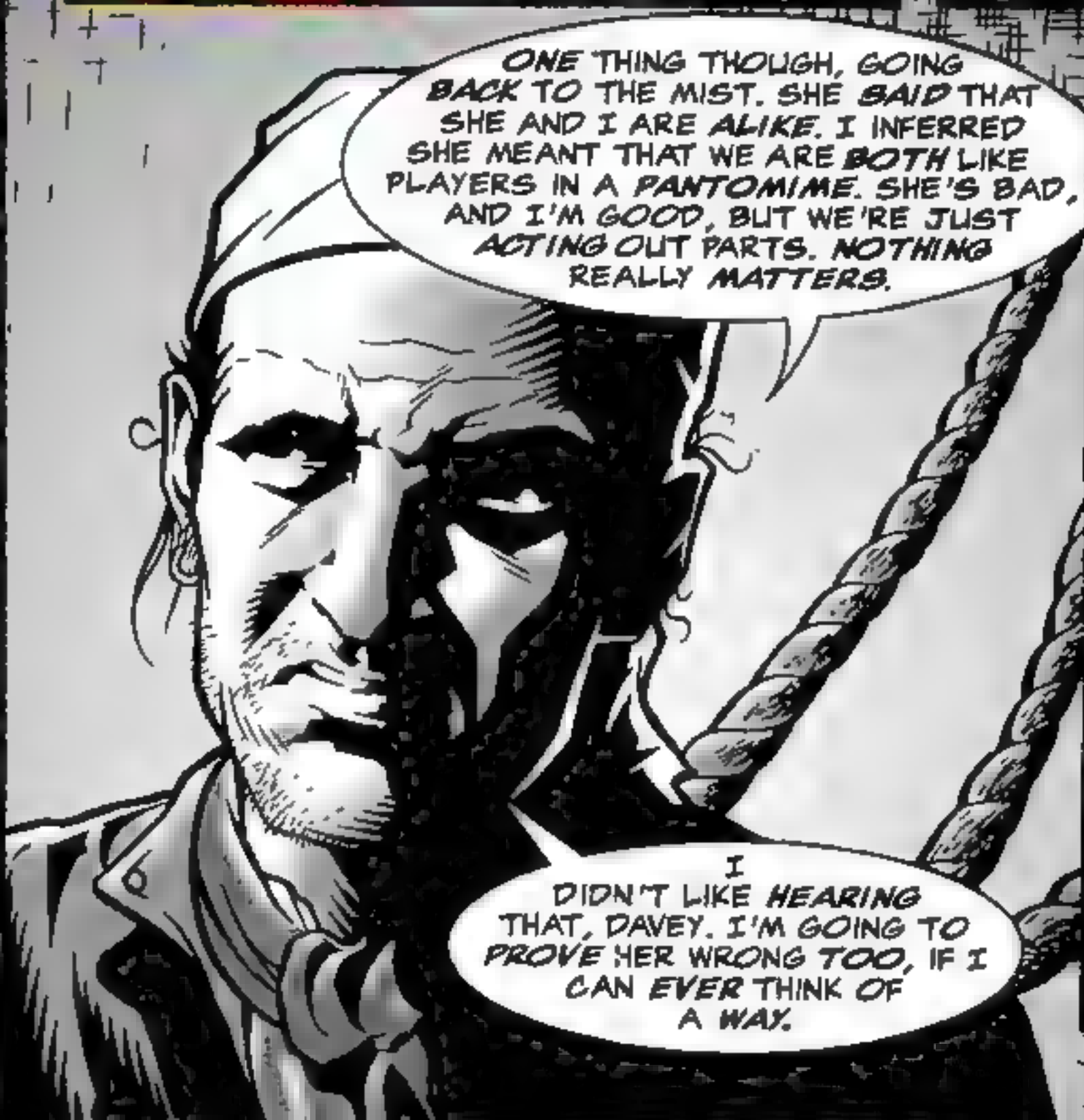
'N WHAT ELSE? WHAT ELSE?

OH YEAH, I GOT BACK TOGETHER WITH AN OLD GIRLFRIEND. THEN SHE DUMPED ME.



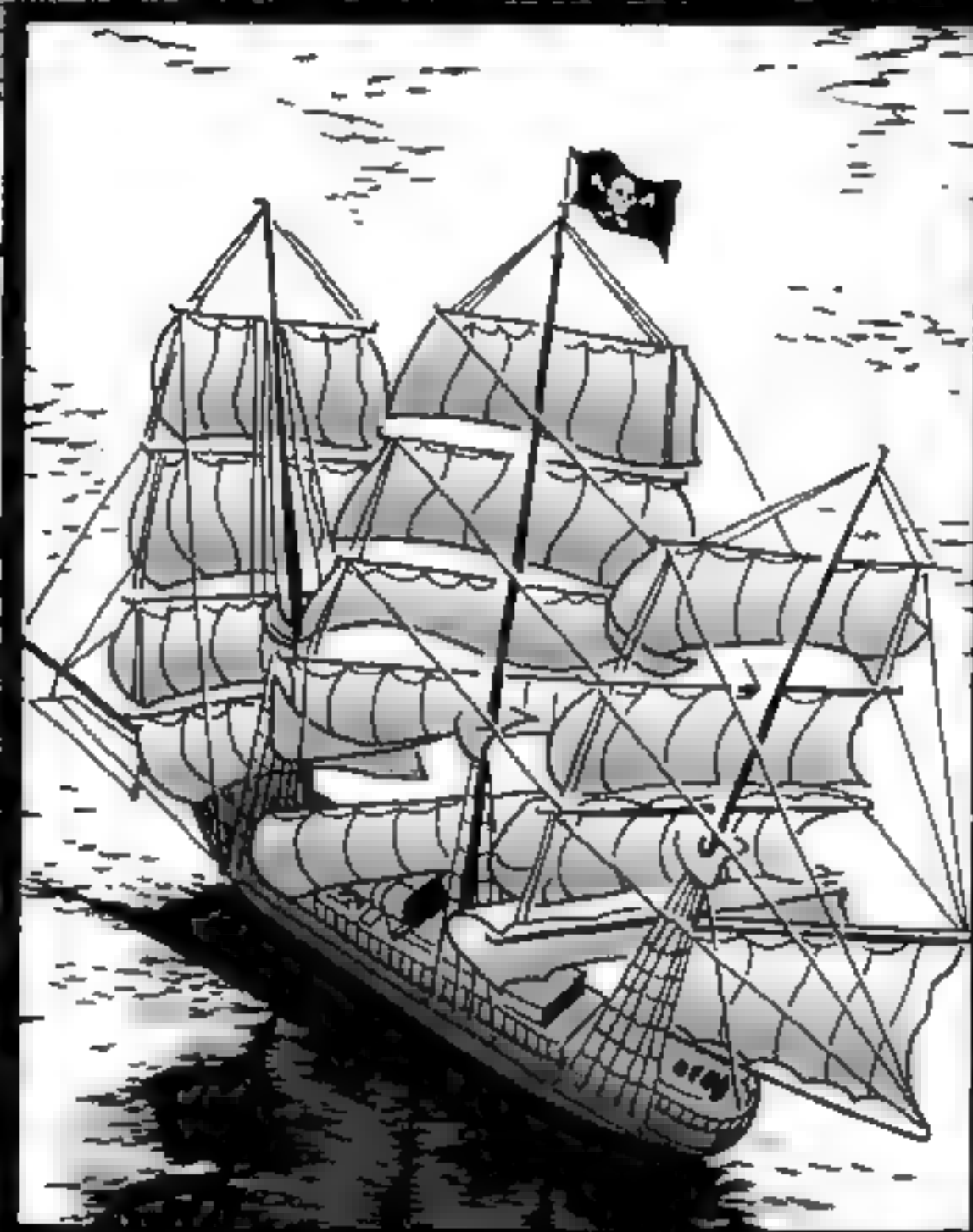
AND I SAW THE SHOP OF MY DREAMS. BUT I CAN'T LEASE IT. I GOTTA FIND THE MONEY TO BUY THE BUILDING.

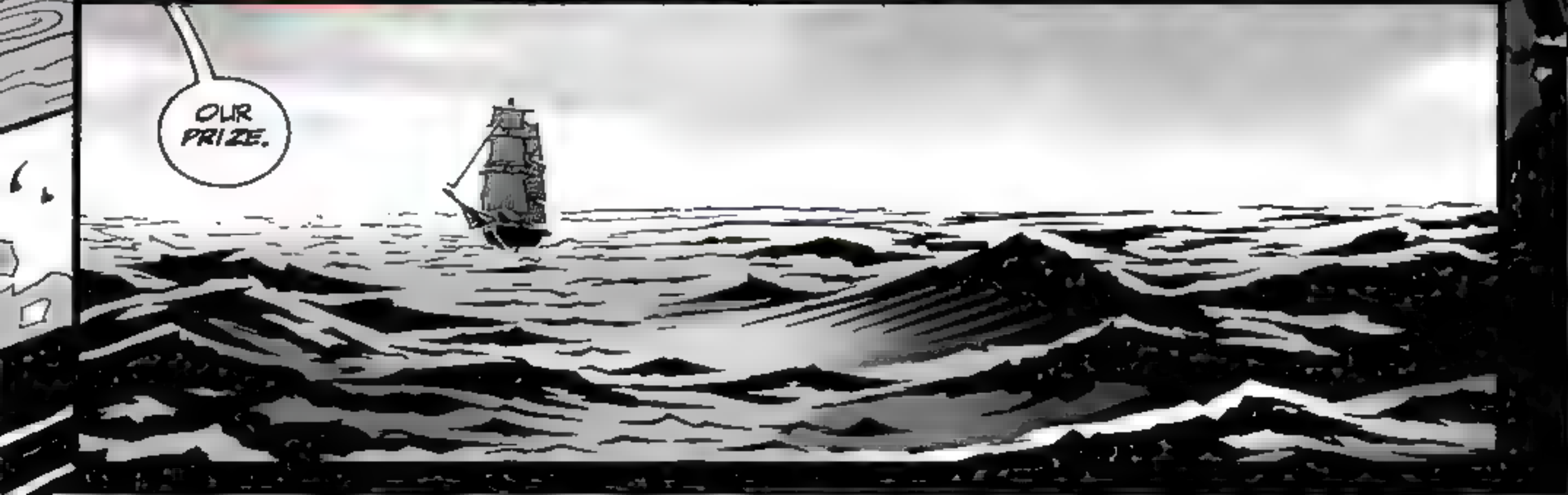
OH, AND I'VE BEEN FIGHTING CRIME HERE AND THERE. PETTY STUFF. THIEVES AND MUGGERS AND GUNMEN. BLAH, BLAH, BLAH. SAME OLD SAME.



ONE THING THOUGH, GOING BACK TO THE MIST. SHE SAID THAT SHE AND I ARE ALIKE. I INFERRED SHE MEANT THAT WE ARE BOTH LIKE PLAYERS IN A PANTOMIME. SHE'S BAD, AND I'M GOOD, BUT WE'RE JUST ACTING OUT PARTS. NOTHING REALLY MATTERS.

I DIDN'T LIKE HEARING THAT, DAVEY. I'M GOING TO PROVE HER WRONG TOO, IF I CAN EVER THINK OF A WAY.







PRIZE?

YEAH,
WE'RE GOING
TO TAKE
HER.



SHE'S LOW IN THE
WATER...PACKING A CARGO OF
SPICE, SILKS AND GOLD FOR
THE CAROLINAS. WITH THAT
ADDED WEIGHT, WE CAN CATCH
HER IN AN HOUR.

AND THEN WHAT?
THE TWO OF US WILL
SHAKE OUR FISTS
MENACINGLY?



YOU
THINK WE'RE
ALONE?

YOU
COULDN'T
BE MORE
WRONG.



AHOY, LADS! THERE
SHE IS! A FEW LEAGUES
ON AND WE'LL HAVE
HER!

A detailed black and white illustration of a pirate ship's interior, focusing on the complex rigging and masts. The scene is filled with ropes, pulleys, and wooden beams, creating a sense of a busy, cluttered environment. In the upper right, a small inset shows a close-up of a man's face with a wide, enthusiastic grin, wearing a red bandana and a yellow shirt. In the lower left, another inset shows a man in a dark, striped shirt looking towards the right. The main scene is dominated by the ship's structure, with a large, ornate wheel visible on the right side. A skull is visible in the bottom right corner, adding to the pirate theme.

SO FILL THE
SAILS AND MAN THE
CANNONS.

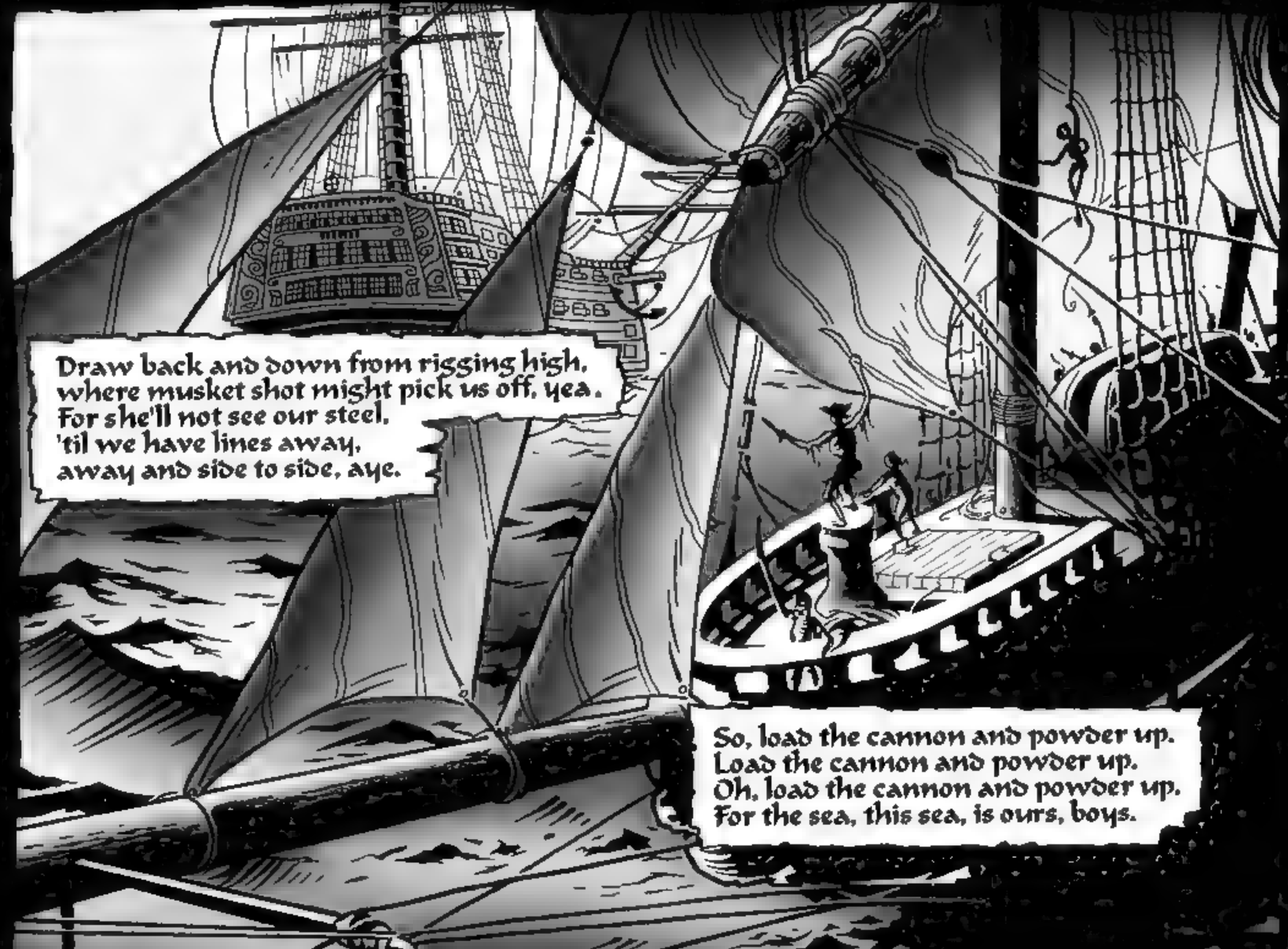
HAVE YOUR
SWORDS SHARP
AND YOUR POWDER DRY.
THERE'S BOOTY
AHEAD. FOR ONE, AND
FOR ALL.

ARE
YOU WITH ME,
LADS?

ARE
YOU WITH
ME?!


AYE!



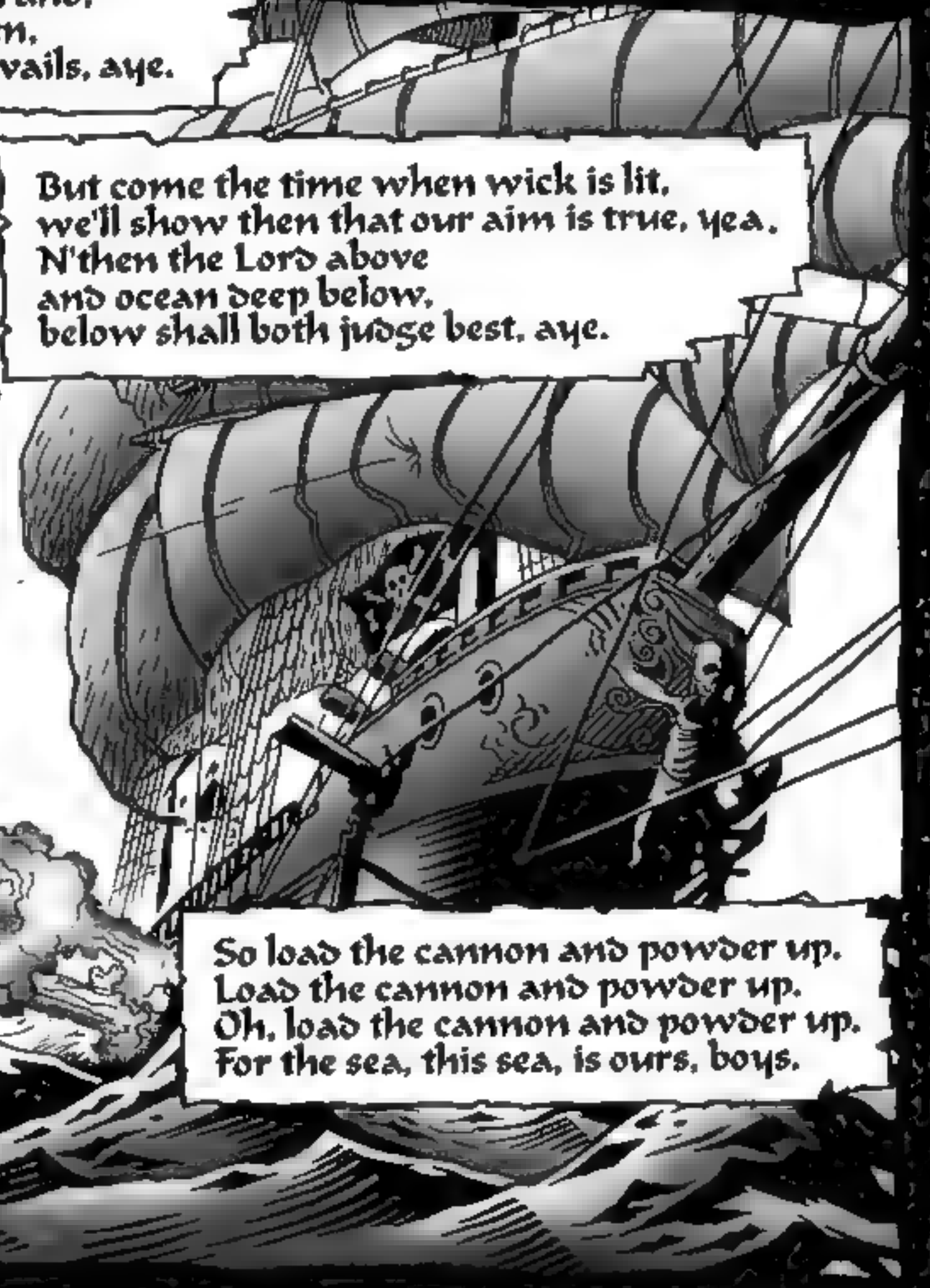


Draw back and down from rigging high,
where musket shot might pick us off, yea.
For she'll not see our steel,
'til we have lines away,
away and side to side, aye.

So, load the cannon and powder up.
Load the cannon and powder up.
Oh, load the cannon and powder up.
For the sea, this sea, is ours, boys.



Our ship and sail's no wondrous sight,
nor figurehead a beauty fair, nay.
Their ship is gay and grand,
n't long since has seen,
has seen her crew's travails, aye.



But come the time when wick is lit,
we'll show then that our aim is true, yea.
N'then the Lord above
and ocean deep below,
below shall both judge best, aye.

So load the cannon and powder up.
Load the cannon and powder up.
Oh, load the cannon and powder up.
For the sea, this sea, is ours, boys.



And when this battle's rage has died,
the booty's had and safely stowed, aye.
We'll high raise our sails and
set our course away,
away to Spanish lands, yea.

They'll know our coming and they'll weep,
begging their Queen, she'll be a savior, aye.
But against our peppered
steel, she'll fail and do naught,
do naught nor armies hers, nay.



So load the cannon and powder up.
Load the cannon and powder up.
Oh, load the cannon and powder up.
For the sea, this sea, is ours, boys.

We'll board their galleons proud, and send
them humble to the sea below, aye.
And in Queen's own chamber,
she'll stand aghast and swoon,
and swoon, as will her maids, yea.

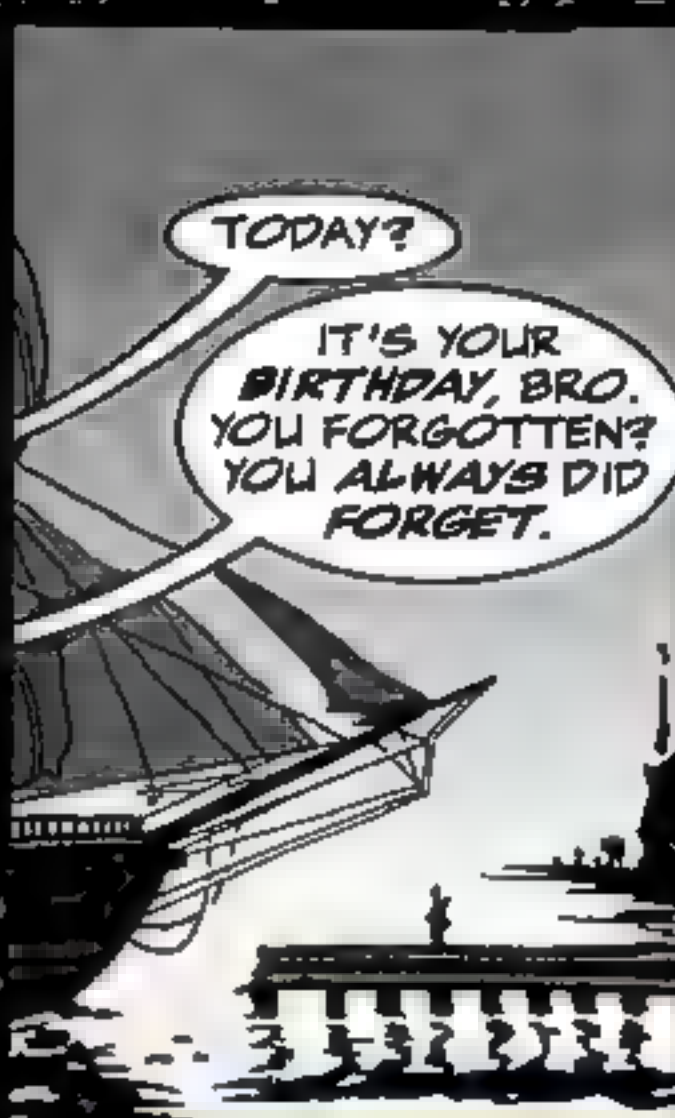
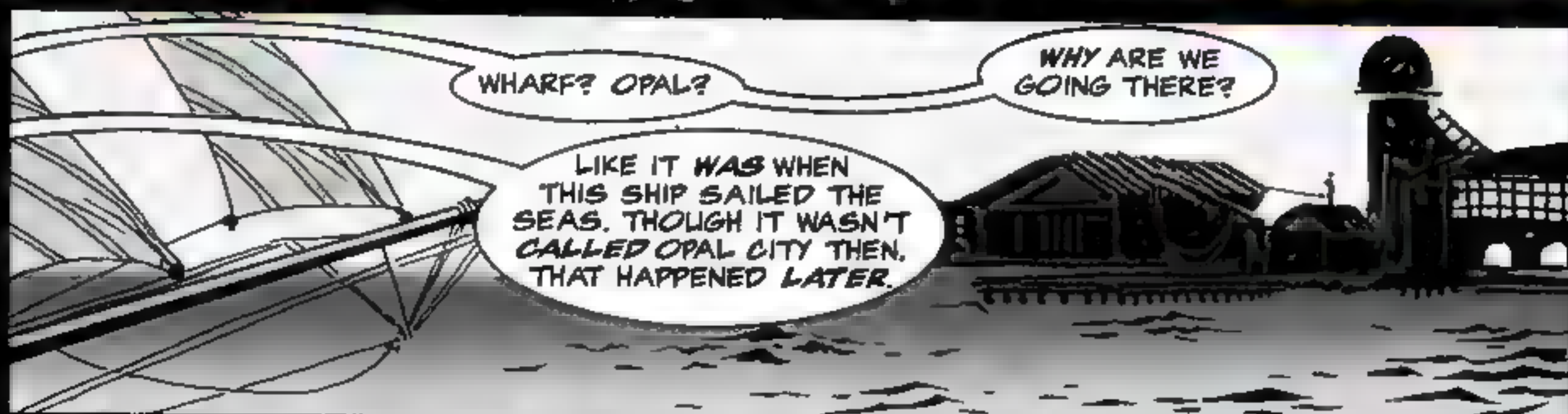


Her guards will fall to us all, lads.
Spanish blood'll flow on royal cloth, aye.
That Queen and ladies pure,
shall splay and not assuage,
assuage our lusty charge, yea.

So load the cannon and powder up.
Load the cannon and powder up.
Oh, load the cannon and powder up.

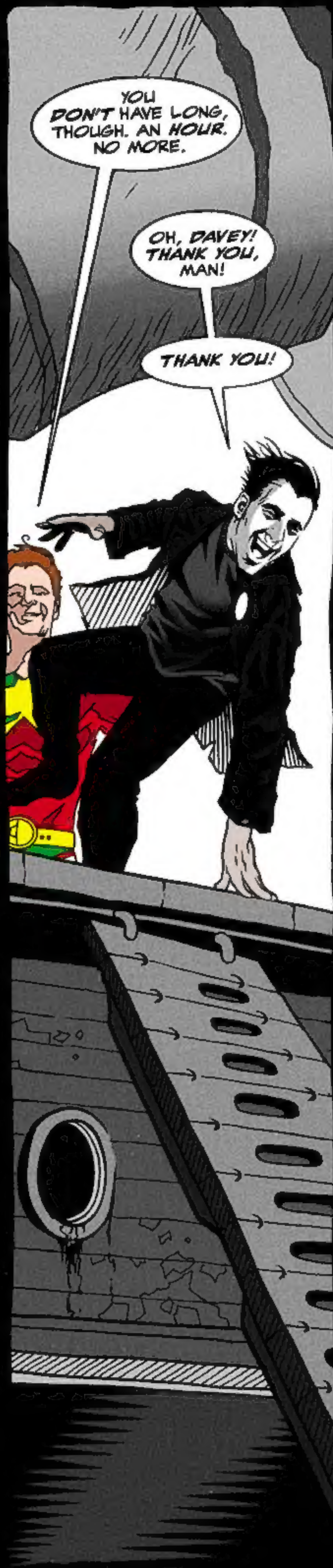
For the sea, this sea, is ours, boys.







...MOM!





ANY TIME.

**The
End**

Deadman Wade

"THIS IS WHAT
AWESOME
LOOKS LIKE".

DCP